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**WILD AFRICAN ANIMALS  
I HAVE KNOWN**





# **WILD AFRICAN ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN**

**BY  
PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN**

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## INTRODUCTION

**T**HERE is a certain malady to which the name horizon fever has been given. Those who suffer from it are tormented by an insatiable desire to know what lies beyond that mountain range, that forest, desert, sea, which for the time being limits their field of vision. They never are content with the place in which they may happen to be, but must ever be going on towards the unknown. And as soon as one horizon has been revealed, always a new one remains to be broken through. Adventure has a strange attraction for them. The blood is on fire with it—a fire that has led as often to acts of folly as to great exploits.

For such people, Africa ever has been the continent of continents. Longer than any other portion of the globe, it has been able to retain something of its primitiveness, its virgin character. Behind the protecting belt of dark primeval forest, impenetrable jungle and fever-steaming marshes, lie hidden maybe even now secrets no human eye has seen, secrets, indeed, that for all time to come may remain unrevealed. With the advance of civilization and culture, primeval things dwindle away; they are swept farther and farther into the wilderness, vanishing at last for

want of freedom and space. For each new piece of land brought under cultivation, every mile of newly-constructed road, boring its way into the heart of the Continent, something of the essential life of the wilderness yields place. Hard as ivory and flexible as rattan, nevertheless it is unable to exist side by side with our bustling age. It needs tranquillity and calm. Above all, it must know no restricting boundaries, no rules dictated by well-meaning jurists in Europe. Such things deprive it of the power of resistance and doom it to annihilation. Nature in her primitive state is like a shell-fish : we may not forcibly break the shell without simultaneously destroying the life within.

With each passing year new territory is laid under the rod of civilization. Unfamiliar elements, new customs, are forced upon tracts of country wherein the primitive simple life has been lived since time immemorial. Present day technical resources have overcome most difficulties, and soon there will no longer be an inch of African soil that remains untrodden and unexplored. Knowledge of both the country and its inhabitants is growing, like a rolling snowball. It began fancifully, filled with stories of adventure from the great exploring expeditions, but little by little it has become a science in itself. Knowledge is power. Nevertheless, this power is not always fruitful.

A great mass of literature have been written about Africa. Books about this land of wonders have fairly swamped the world, for its life and unique qualities have ever invited description. Explorers, scientists, ivory-hunters, adventurers—all have added their straw to the stack, with good or bad,

thrilling or dry, accurate or mendacious descriptions. The habits and customs of wild tribes have been dragged out into the daylight, nature's gigantic proportions and beauty have been painted in words, the immeasurably rich animal life has been taxed, often enough in an unscrupulous way, to make it serve as material for thrilling tales of the chase. The pictures accompanying all these written descriptions have been as a rule both plentiful and diverse. And almost without exception they dealt with the actual living material in front of the camera, as long as it was a question of tribal-types, landscape, or plants; for illustrations of the abundant fauna necessity compelled one to be content with dead animals. How many an innocent life has been sacrificed to this end! As years went by the rifle was perfected more rapidly than the camera. Hence the inequality in proportion between pictures of live and dead animals in this branch of African research.

How long still will the wide stretches echo with the trumpeting of elephants, the humorous snorting of the rhinoceros, the deep roar of the lion? Will the leopard in the time to come creep stealthily in the twilight upon his prey, the hoofs of the antelope clatter, as the herd takes flight over the parched brown earth and the jackal give forth his melancholy whine, where the moon shines bright and ruddy over the steppes? How long before the clumsy play of the hippopotamus is finished forever and water-courses run monotonous and deserted after the great pachyderms have been exterminated? How long before the buffalo will have vanished and the last giraffe has stretched his neck exploringly over the spiny tops of the acacias?

It is indeed a comfort to know that this time is still remote.

But another deplorable and unavoidable fact is nevertheless at hand, and this is that the wild game in Africa is being reduced every year, in some parts rapidly, in others more slowly. This is the inevitable result of civilization's land-grabbing and the evolution of fire-arms, which no hunting laws can well prevent. Within a not far-distant future, tracts of land protected by law will be the only places wherein animal life may still be found in anything like the same abundance as heretofore. Until even these game-reserves at length will be forced to give way to cultivation.

In late years, however, a new value has been added to the life of the nature lover and scientist : hunting with the camera. The perfecting of films and the telescopic lens now has made it possible to produce snapshots of animals which even ten years ago would have been inconceivable. And this bloodless but honourable sport grows all the while more popular. It is high time, indeed, for in this way fragments of the animal world of the past may be preserved for the coming race, before civilization perhaps for all time shall have blotted out Africa's primitiveness.

It is love of this great continent, of its uninhabited vastnesses, its jungle-life, that has induced me to publish this book of pictures. The book is designed to spread additional knowledge in regard to the fauna peculiar to Africa, or at any rate of that portion of it which has passed in front of the camera during my wanderings and hunting excursions. Every species here represented has

been photographed in its proper *milieu*. Consequently, there is no question of film-trickery nor of that reprehensible system of which use is sometimes made, of taking photographs after first having wounded the animal. My entire material is pure, unadulterated Nature, as our Lord created it.

(There is one exception—the pictures of the mountain gorillas which have been placed last in the book. As this ape, however, so far as I am aware, has never been photographed in its natural surroundings, these pictures have been included to show proof of a species little known.)

Unremitting work and unfailing patience lie behind most of these pictures. All have been taken by the photographer who accompanied me, Mr. Oskar Olson of the Swedish Biograph Company, Stockholm. Day after day and week after week he has lain hidden beside water-holes or grazing-places, observing, watching, waiting. Buried in the earth, crouching among bushes, lying stretched along the branch of a tree, he has had opportunity thoroughly and systematically to study the animals' habits. More than once has his own life hung by a thread, when caution has been forgotten for the sake of getting an interesting plate. If trophies are sometimes scarce after a camera-hunt like this, that makes it none the less exciting. Quite the contrary indeed. A tripod which he still has in his possession, upset and trampled upon by a rhinoceros, has a plain word to say in this connection.

If this book of pictures will induce others to follow his example to hunt with the camera rather than with the



rifle, it will greatly gratify me. Collections of tusks, horns, skins, as trophies, we surely have had our fill of. Let us now instead strive to obtain more realistic pictures of the animals themselves.

Stockholm,  
Dec. 1922.

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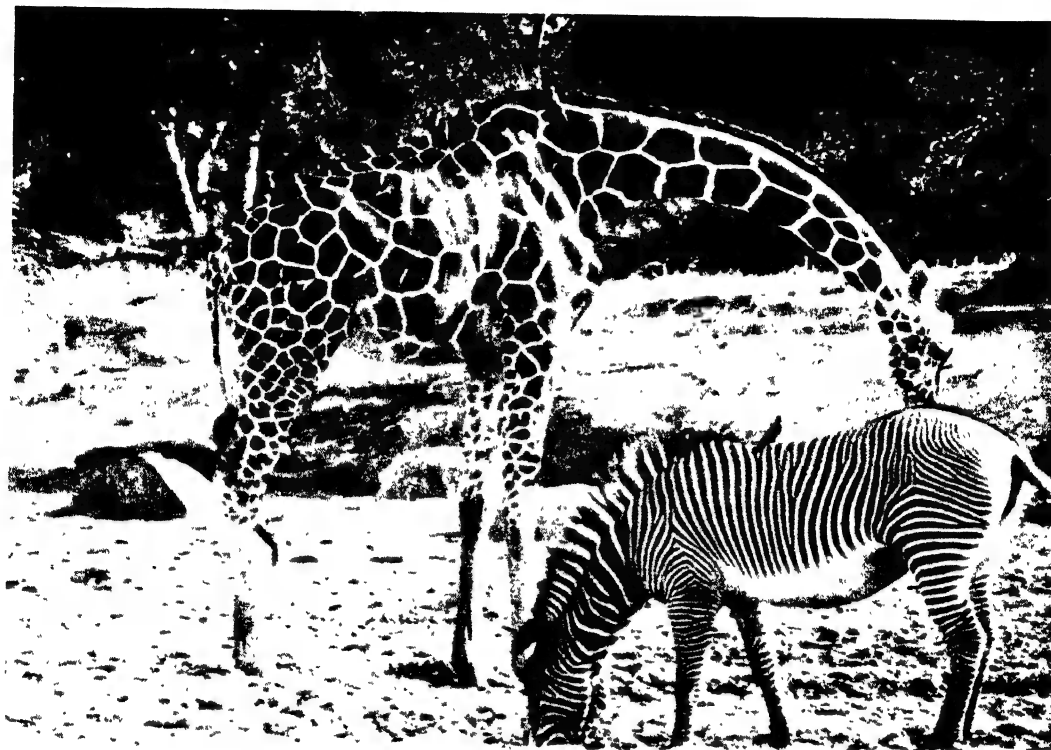
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NETTED GIRAFFE AND GREVY'S ZEBRA



rumbles dully through the forest. The uproar ceases. The shadow has disappeared.

“A miss, blockhead!” was my first thought. To shoot like that at random. Now your only chance of life is gone.

With my knife I cut a way to the place where the gorilla had just turned and found that it was exactly three yards from the muzzle of my gun. How close can one appropriately let such a brute come before one knows whether he has friendly intentions or not? The pallid sickness of reflection said that three yards most certainly should be the minimum, and that the shot this time had not been discharged one instant too soon.

There seemed nothing to do but to continue the trail and prepare for several additional hours' march and renewed exertions. Great therefore was my amazement when after the first few steps I discovered bubbling splotches of blood—a hit in the lung—and fifty yards away we came up to a big male gorilla, lying stone dead, with his face to the ground. Evidently, he had suddenly fallen forward on his face in his hurry to get away. The arms were stretched out. The back shone silver grey.

It proved to be a very old gentleman, very likely the oldest in the whole of our series of gorillas. The bullet had entered the shoulder exactly in front and had torn one lung, hence death ensued almost instantaneously. It was entirely a matter of good luck. I acknowledge without reservation that I would be unable to do such a bit of work once in a hundred times.

The brute weighed 380 pounds.

After a six hours' march we have run unexpectedly right into the herd, and we stop, motionless as statues, waiting for some of them to appear. But they keep quiet, hidden in the dense undergrowth, from which they probably peer out at us without being themselves seen. One can hear branches snap and bellies rumble.

Then I signal to the negroes to wait, while I myself and the guide creep on. For a little all is silent; one's nerves feel like the strained strings of a fiddle, every sense is sharpened to the utmost, for the tenth time I feel to see if my .350 is all right.

Then the woods come to life. Howls and shrieks, snarls and whines from all directions, so loud that the noise actually cuts one's ear-drums. The brutes cannot be many yards from me. The undergrowth is crashing right and left, as they break out and evidently take to flight. It is like a flock of evil spirits one cannot see, but only hear.

Immediately afterwards the guide almost tumbles into my arms and takes precipitately to flight. No wonder, when he has only a fragile spear with which to defend himself against a gorilla grabbing at his legs. In passing me he points to a bush and my eyes follow the direction. The next instant, with the speed of lightning, comes a huge, shapeless monster straight at me, simultaneously sounding his furious scream. Only like a dark shadow does he show among the branches and leaves. There is no time to take counsel or even to think, for only some few yards separate us. I have no time to aim. Instinctively—much as when one takes a snapshot at snipe—the rifle flies to the shoulder, the finger comes in contact with the trigger. The echo

lished by Gyldendal, London), as well as to forthcoming scientific literature along this line. Let me rather tell how we fell in with some of these shaggy monsters of the virgin forests on Mikenno, the most northern of the volcanoes in the Birunga range. It was the end of six weeks of unsuccessful efforts and hard climbing along the steep slopes of the mountain where the country for the most part was better suited to apes than to men.

After a fruitless and unpromising morning, the native guide bent unexpectedly over a little clump of gorilla dung and grinned delightedly : " Fresh, to-day."

Up and down, through twining creepers, over torn-up tree-trunks and under swaying parasitic growths, the spoor leads. We plunge down into ravines, where mountain brooks run swiftly, and clamber up on all fours once more. Broad-leaved plants sprinkle drops of water upon our heads, thorny bushes tear our clothes to rags, nettles burn our knuckles, and our skin is scratched unsparingly by thorny twigs. But onward in any case, step by step, crawling, scrambling, floundering, as so many times before. To-day, however, our work was not to be in vain.

The spoor grows all the time fresher and more distinct. Twigs and leaves lay tossed aside. It looks as if a big herd had gone before and only a very short time before at that. With extreme wariness we stalk our own way along, bending aside the foliage and avoiding stepping on dry twigs.

Suddenly the horrid nerve-racking scream of the gorilla cuts through the stillness. It is repeated from all directions. Then it becomes deathly still again.

rich experiences from the land of the gorilla, studied the creature's habits and home life, and brought with them to Sweden a number of specimens of this rare animal. Thanks to this material, gathered from different places among the mountains, it has been possible to determine scientifically that only one species of gorilla lives on the Birunga volcanoes. The differences already noted were shown not to hold good, being merely individual variation.

We were never successful in getting a photograph of the apes in their own habitat. The character of the ground on the steep, inhospitable mountains was too difficult, the vegetation too dense, the light in the forest too poor. Besides, it rained every day. Climatic conditions up there are anything but favourable for a camera hunt.

The pictures given herewith are therefore all of shot specimens. Nevertheless they have been included in order to show how the little-known mountain gorilla looks, even if, strictly speaking, they are outside the scope of this work, which is, of course, intended only to contain pictures of living animals in their natural surroundings. But since photographs of the mountain gorilla are in any case rare enough, this departure from intention seems to me justified. Especially as the beasts—at least so far as I am aware—have never been photographed when alive and at liberty.

It would take too long to give an account here of the expedition's adventures in the gorilla country and of its various meetings with the giant apes. Those who desire more detailed information regarding this subject I must refer to my book : "Among Pygmies and Gorillas" (pub-

## MOUNTAIN GORILLA

(*Gorilla beringei*)

Birunga Volcanoes, N. of Lake Kiwu

IN the year 1903 the scientific world was startled by the discovery of a hitherto unknown species of Gorilla, found by the German colonial officer von Beringe, on one of the Birunga volcanoes (situated north of Lake Kiwu)—to be more precise, on Sabinio. This so-called mountain gorilla, named after its discoverer and designated *Gorilla beringei*, differs in several respects from its forest-dwelling relative in West Africa. For protection against the cold climate in which the mountain gorilla lives, his fur is thicker and longer. The body itself is also shorter and broader, the jaws more prominent. Besides there are a number of other differences, especially in regard to the construction of the skull, etc.

The height of the mountain gorilla is not especially remarkable, but his breadth is much more imposing. The arms and legs convey an impression of huge clusters of muscles, which with the force of a sledge hammer could pound or crush his victim—a man in such an embrace would be as helpless as a nail in a vice. A fully grown specimen of such a man-ape weighs nearly 400 pounds.

With a view to ascertain whether there were divergent races of mountain gorillas on the different peaks—one special race, displaying certain divergences from the original *beringei* type, had as a matter of fact been described from the volcano Mikenö—the Birunga Mountains were visited in 1921 by a Swedish zoological expedition. It amassed



## SCORPION







# SCORPION



PLATE III



PLATE CCIV



SCORPION  
(*Pandinus pallidus*)

Guaso Nyiro

THIS picture was taken at Guaso Nyiro, where the place swarmed with these animals. At night particularly one had to be on guard against the poisonous creeping things.



JACKSON'S CHAMILTON





JACKSON'S CHAMELEON



## NILE CROCODILE

(*Crocodilus niloticus*)

### Lake Albert

OUR hut is close to the shore of Lake Albert. The sun is scorching hot and at the water's edge meddlesome little waders and snipe are running about in search of food. Farther out float broad-leaved water-plants and some half-rotted tree trunks. But wait! Did not one of these move? Yes, surely enough, now it is coming. That thing which a moment ago looked like a tree trunk grows suddenly, raises itself higher, becomes broader, longer, assumes the fantastic form of a brute—and before long the entire crocodile lies stretched out on the shore. Like some old leviathan does he look with his loathsome jaws, his armour-clad body, ending in that powerful tail with its sharp up-standing scales. Or possibly he is even more like a dragon from the old world of fairy-tale, the sort of monster that was wont to lie in wait for the princess and came near eating the gallant knight who came to rescue her.

After a while, more crocodiles crawl out on the beach, and presently we have a whole collection before us. They keep the jaws, with their rows of sharp teeth, wide open, for it is a hot day and that is their way of cooling off. Possibly too they are waiting for some little wading-bird to come along and pick between their teeth with its long bill—something edible may easily enough be hidden in the interstices.

Neither the waders nor the snipe pay the slightest attention to these monsters. They run almost under their



legs and often enough graze their very jaws. For the two creatures have confidence in each other. The crocodile never touches the bird and the bird's instinct tells it that no danger threatens it from this dread giant. The snipe and the wader play in their way the same part that the ox-pecker plays for the buffalo and antelope. They give notice of common danger. And so the friendship is mutual.

Crocodiles are shy beasts, and it takes much patience to wait for them to come. Besides, one can never tell from one day to the next where they intend to come out. The beach offers many pleasant resting-places, and we have to suit ourselves to the occasion.

The nearest they came to us was two yards.

JACKSON'S CHAMELEON  
(*Chamæleon jacksoni*)

Nyieri

**T**HIS Chameleon is more like a miniature dragon than anything else. It lives by preference in low trees and bushes, and protects itself from other animals by its well-known habit of changing colour to suit the surroundings in which it temporarily finds itself.

The pictures plainly show the three characteristic horns.



**WILD AFRICAN ANIMALS  
I HAVE KNOWN**



EAST AFRICAN BABOON  
(*Papio anubis*)

North of the Northern Guaso Nyiro

**H**ERE comes the whole band. One can hear it a long distance off. There is a laughing and prattling as at the break-up of some public meeting. In flying leaps it goes over the jagged rocks—a veritable steeplechase. For it has been a hot day, and now it is a scramble to reach the best water-hole first and quench thirst before the water has time to get muddy.

In a little hut, made of dry branches and leaves, the camera is hidden. Only the lens peeps out, like a pair of round black eyes without eye-lids. But it has no evil intention. It only wants to catch the animals on plate or film, without doing them any harm, without indeed even frightening them. Silent and motionless, like a brown figure of clay, the photographer sits behind his harmless arsenal. Not a breath, not even the slightest little movement betrays his presence. But his ears are at full-cock, listening with intensity to the screams of the baboon band coming all the time nearer and nearer; and his eyes are nailed fast to the point at which they are first expected to be visible.

The baboon is one of Africa's most suspicious animals. As soon as anything arouses his distrust or he perceives

something that indicates any obscure danger, like a rocket he shoots up into the nearest tree or upon an inaccessible cliff, where he can then sit for hours at a time doing nothing but scream, warning all the other animals in the vicinity. In this way, he often becomes the photographer's worst bane. In order to lull the animals into a feeling of security, fresh droppings have therefore been collected from one of their night-quarters nearby and have been strewn all around the hut. A couple of sacks full. Is it going to attract them? That is an important question from different points of view. For if you can get baboons to stay in a place, other game will come there too. It will give confidence, for instance, to antelopes, which are inclined to order their behaviour after that of the quicker-witted and more alert apes. Animals reason something like this: Where a baboon can drink with a quiet mind, I, too, may quench my thirst. And the other way about.

Our ruse has succeeded. There they come.

First a little advance guard, looking suspiciously all about them. After them the whole band, at a kind of clumsy, gliding, gallop. Males, females, and the partly grown of both sexes. But the very little ones cling with the courage of despair to the mothers' breasts and twist and turn their small precocious wiseacre faces, upon which evident disapproval, combined with fear, of this quick pace, plainly may be read.

Now the band is all here. Every one of them rushes to get the best place. They quarrel and scold at one another in good "baboonese." Two young bloods start a regular boxing-match, ending with a succession of powerful

cuffs. Farther away, a lot of old crones are exchanging compliments. Each intends to see that her own brood gets the best chance. But finally they reach an agreement. The water itself lies pretty far down in the sand, so that the creatures must stand almost on their heads to drink, and all at once one sees nothing but an assemblage of shining posteriors, over which the sinking sun of the tropics sheds its gentle effulgence.

Gradually thirst is slaked. First one head, then another, bobs up, to gaze piercingly about and clack a satisfied tongue. Since all seem quiet, one may sit down in peace to meditate on the problem of existence, unless one prefers to hunt one's neighbour's fuzzy fur for fleas and other little animals.

The twilight comes quickly. But in the interval the camera has done its silent, peaceful work. . . .





EAST AFRICAN BABOON



PLATE III



EAST AFRICAN BABOON



PLATE IV



PLATE V



EAST AFRICAN BABOON



PLATE VI



PLATE VII



EAST AFRICAN BABOON



PLATE VIII



PLATE IX





## EAST AFRICAN BABOON



PLATE X



## MASSAI LION

(*Felis leo massaicus*)

Massai Steppe, near Mara River

**T**HE Lion is a nocturnal animal. From sunset till sunrise he roams about in search of prey. And woe to the antelope that is not then on guard. In a trice it will lie wounded unto death, with sharp fangs buried deep in its still quivering flesh.

After his meal the king of beasts always goes to drink. And when his thirst is well allayed, he lies down peacefully in the first convenient clump of bushes thick enough to discourage impertinent inlookers. After the first sun-ray falls upon the landscape, he is rarely to be seen in the open.

One therefore has to make good use of the short half-hour available for photography. The night before, a kill is laid in some suitable place (in this case it was under a tree), and, crouched in the branches above, the photographer must spend a sleepless night, in a posture worthy the most adept circus acrobat. Thus he may sit for twelve hours, and if luck is good, the whole time hear the lion feasting on the kill beneath his feet, and still not get a single glimpse of the beast. In nine cases of ten it will leave even before the dawn begins to redden the horizon. But the tenth time it will perhaps stay long enough, so that the dim light will make it possible to catch the robber-knight upon the plate.

In this case, the shutter clicked just at the instant the lion became aware of the human bird in the tree. One second afterwards the place below was empty.



# MASSAI LION

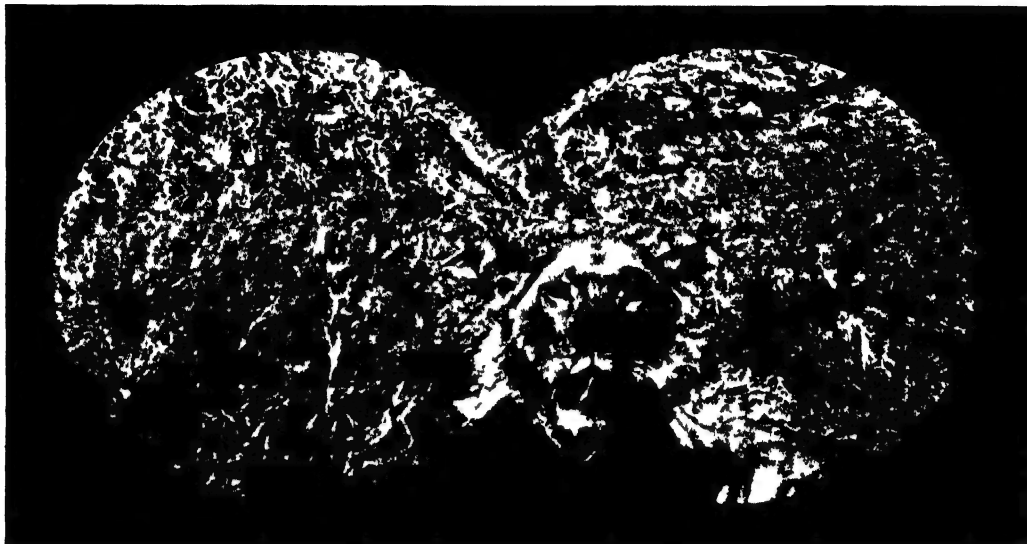


PLATE XI

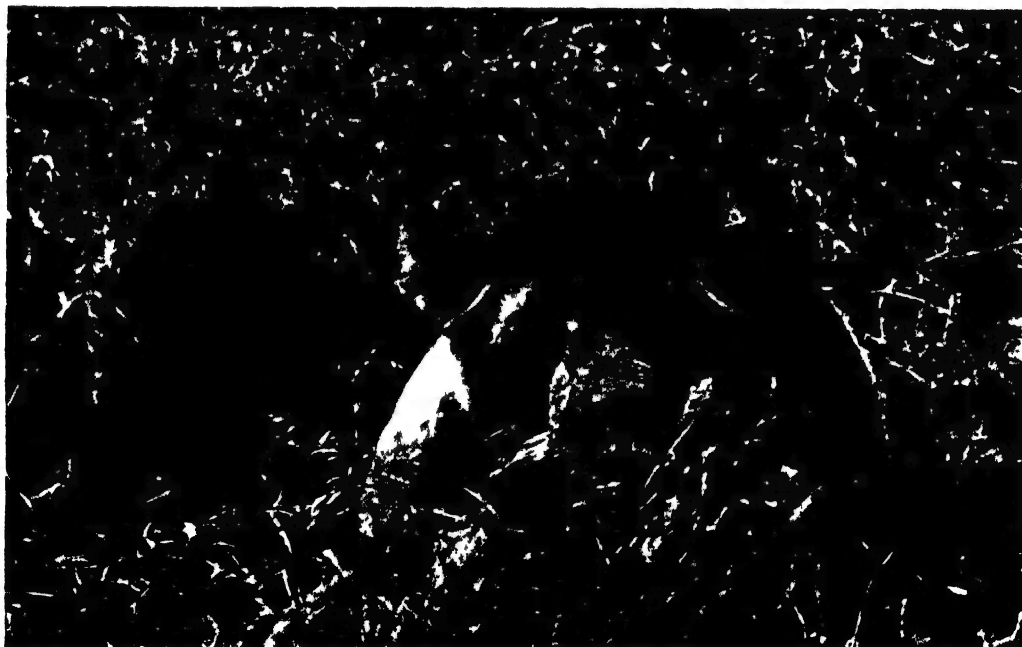


PLATE XII



## EAST AFRICAN LEOPARD

(*Felis pardus*)

Massai Steppe, near Mara River

**T**HE Leopard, like the lion, is also a nocturnal animal. Extremely shy and suspicious, it is only on rare occasions that he is met with in the daytime. With the exception of the time this photograph was taken, we saw the spotted marauder only once in daylight. This was at the Tana River. Following a trail of blood, we came the succeeding day upon a buffalo that had been wounded the day before. Three lions were feasting on the carcass, and overhead in a tree, surrounded by a flock of famished vultures, crouched a leopard, waiting for his turn until the more powerful lions, in whose company he dared not sit at table, should be satiated. It was, unfortunately, impossible to get this unusual picture on the plate, for the creatures took themselves off as soon as they caught sight of us. Like some lithe, spotted shadow, the leopard wriggled along a bough, jumped nimbly to the ground and was at once swallowed up in the tall grass.

But this time . . .

The ordinary *milieu*—the reed-hut with its camera and in front of it a dead zebra beside the water-hole. Already the photographer had been waiting for three days from morning till night, without hope of catching anything more than hungry vultures, solemn marabouts, and now and again a crafty jackal. He was beginning to think of leaving his hiding-place, when there suddenly arose an infernal tumult among all the little grey monkeys ("Tumbili") that



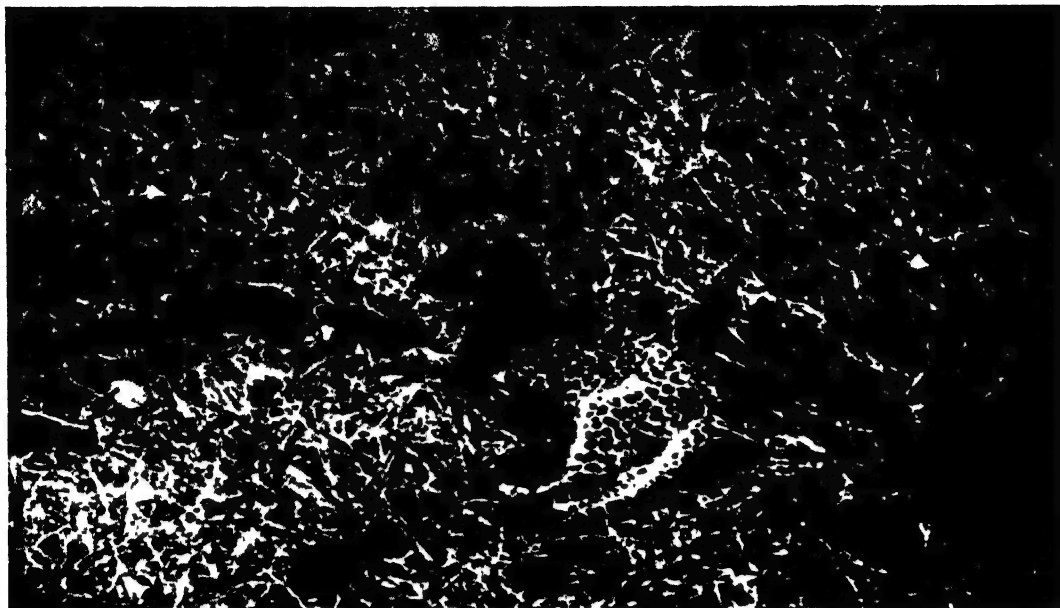
dwelt in the neighbouring trees. Was it possible a leopard was out at this time of day? The sun was still high! Nevertheless, that was what seemed likely, when monkeys behaved like that, for these stealthy beasts of prey are their worst enemies. Never indeed, do they feel safe from being pounced upon at night by the silent, treacherous cat.

Yes, to be sure! There he comes!

Cautiously and shadow-like he creeps on his soft paws out of a near-by thicket, looks about him, draws the air in through his nostrils. The fur with its finely marked spots gleams like velvet in the sun. Presently he is lying beside the zebra, tearing at the carcass to his heart's content. Where the hide is thinnest, between the leg and the belly, he sets his sharp teeth. Rags of flesh fly about. Drops of blood, like red berries, fall on the green carpet of grass. Without ceasing the long tail waves in graceful, snake-like movements. Not for an instant is it still. At last he raises himself into a sitting posture, looks about him and gives a gentle, contented growl. It sounds almost like the purring of a cat. Nevertheless, he does not seem entirely at his ease. Time and again he turns his head in different directions and snarls. Then the upper lip is drawn up and the whiskers quiver. But when he discovers nothing to awake misgiving, desire for food takes possession of him again and the feast goes on. For perhaps half an hour he keeps at it. When hunger is finally satisfied, he loiters slowly away and quenches his thirst at the water-course alongside. After this he disappears in the tall grass.

What an unforgettable sight! Half an hour worth many months of disappointment.

## EAST AFRICAN LEOPARD





EAST AFRICAN LEOPARD



PLATE XIV

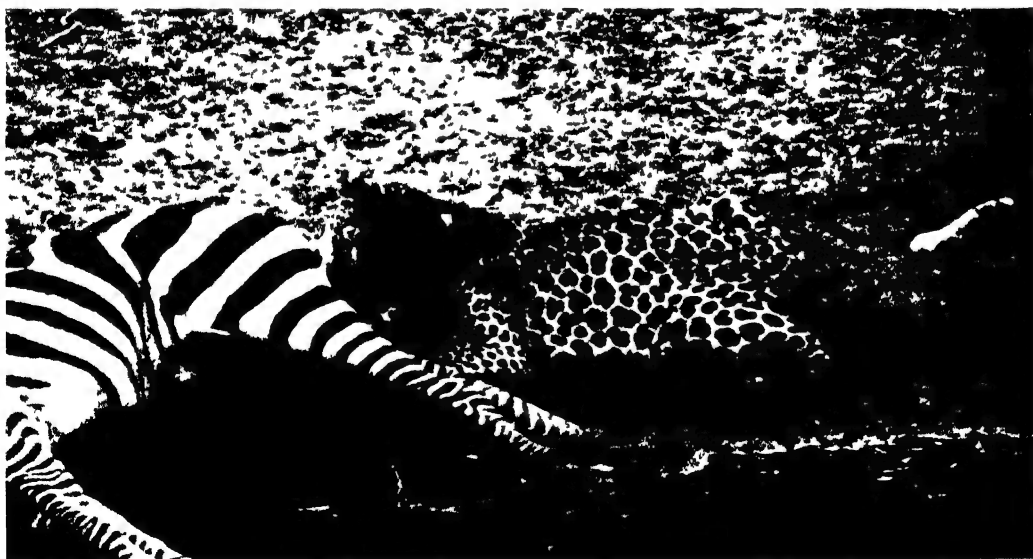


PLATE XV



EAST AFRICAN LEOPARD



PLATE XVI



PLATE XVII



HUNTING DOG  
(*Lycaon pictus lupinus*)  
Northern Guaso Nyiro

OUT of the way ! The whole pack of wild dogs is coming. They sweep like a scourge over the tract, and at night one can hear their wailing howl as they drive the herds of antelope before them. Wild animals flee from them as from the pest, and wherever their pack, pursuing, scattering, has passed, the country lies waste. When few in number extremely shy, they increase in boldness and ruthlessness when numbers invest them with a certain superiority over other animals. Then even man himself is not safe from them. To defend himself against such a pack is difficult. It matters not if one shoots one or ten, there are always plenty of others to step into the vacated places, eager to revenge their fallen comrades and with the fighting lust aggravated by the smell of fresh blood. For team-work and discipline among them is instinctive.

Only upon one occasion during a space of more than two years did they come within range of our cameras. And this was quite by accident. Disinclined as they are to associate with other animals, it hardly pays to lie in wait for them beside a kill. But one morning, just before the sun rose, suddenly and unexpectedly there popped up five of them, like evil spirits, shy, restless, suspicious. And they went straight down to the water-hole, where the camera, by good luck, was standing ready to catch other animals, satiated their thirst quickly and instantly thereafter took themselves off as surprisingly as they had come. The whole thing lasted scarcely more than a couple of minutes, but it was enough for the photographer.





## HUNTING DOG



PLATE XVIII



# HUNTING DOG



PLATE XIX



PLATE XX



## HUNTING DOG



PLATE XXI



PLATE XXII



## BLACK-BACKED JACKAL

(*Canis mesomelas*)

Massai Steppe

**T**HE Jackal is the parasite of Africa's fauna. Wherever a dead animal and prospect of a mouthful seems likely, he shows up, along with other labourers at Nature's great scavenging job. He never himself kills larger game, but must be content with what other, more powerful beasts of prey leave behind. He gets along with vultures and hyenas, notwithstanding the fact that bloody fights occasionally take place, when he tries to snatch the best bits for himself. For a short time, he can, to be sure, keep the powerful birds at bay by snapping at them, but as a general thing he is obliged to give in and escape from the flapping throng as fast as possible—only at the first opportunity to rush once more into the fray and grab a mouthful for himself.

Often he will come and sit beside a newly-fallen animal and do nothing but howl with the full force of his lungs. This is because he does not feel himself capable of making a hole in the tough thick hide, but wants assistance from some bigger animal, a leopard, for instance, or a hyena. If such a one appears, then he must, it is true, wait until it has got its fill; but later he is paid for his shrewd patience, because of the torn carcass in which it is easy to snap up all the tit-bits that remain.

The jackal eats at all times of day and night. He is always hungry, and is therefore comparatively easy to entice before the camera.





BLACK-BACKED JACKAL.



PLATE XXIII



BLACK-BACKED JACKAL.



PLATE XXIV





## CENTRAL AFRICAN ELEPHANT

(*Elephas africanus cottoni*)

Eastern Belgian Congo

**E**LEPHANTS are among the most difficult animals to film. Even when a lot of them come out together, it is a ticklish matter to get them within camera range, for they like best to keep to the virgin forest, to tall grass, or to low-lying marshes. Vigilant and timid by nature, they are gifted besides with a wonderfully well-developed olfactory organ. The first thing necessary, therefore, is a suitable wind.

It hardly pays to lie in wait for them. The only way is to creep in upon them. But a single careless sound, a dry branch snapping, or an unfavourable breath of wind, is enough to turn the whole herd and set it off at a gallop. Then the only thing to do is to follow patiently after in the big spoor, and try once more when they stop again. This time perhaps the grass will be so tall that only backs and huge fanning ears are visible. Then one must resign and go back to camp, hoping for better luck another day.

The photographs are taken at a distance of twenty yards, in part from a white-ant hill and in part from the rim of a ravine, in which the animals were feeding. In the first instance they soon caught sight of the camera, which so irritated them, that they immediately started, trunks in the air,—a sure sign that they are in ill-humour,—to attack it. A bullet forced the leader to turn, however, before he had time to do any mischief.



CENTRAL AFRICAN ELEPHANT



PLATE XXVI





CENTRAL AFRICAN ELEPHANT



PLATE XXVII



PLATE XXVIII



CENTRAL AFRICAN ELEPHANT

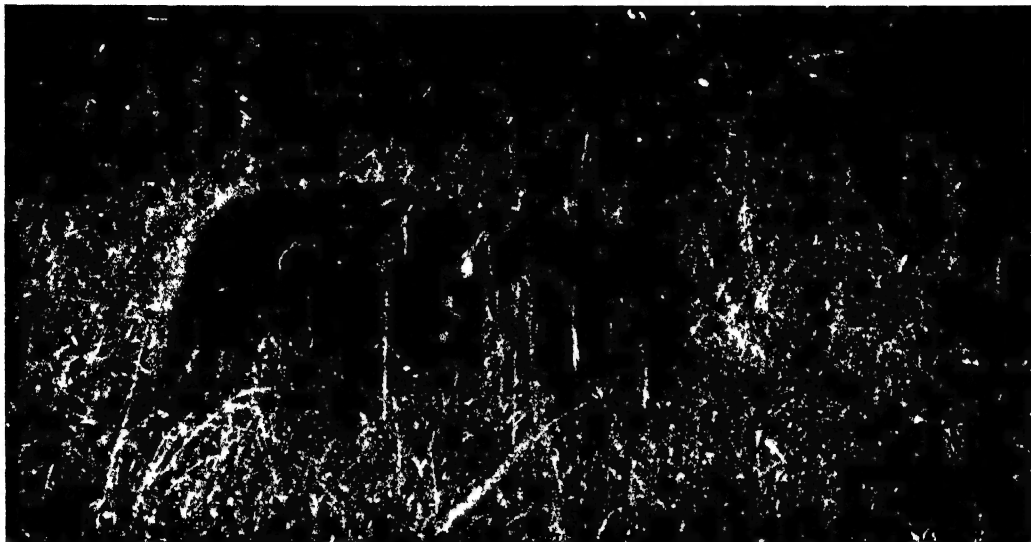


PLATE XXIX



PLATE XXX



## RADCLIFFE'S BUFFALO

(*Bubalus caffer radcliffei*)

Tana River, Kenya Colony

**H**AVE you ever seen a herd of Buffalo ? The great, dark-coloured beasts move with a pompous dignity, their muzzles shining greyish-blue and the broad horns, covering the whole of the forehead almost down to the very eyes, make the buffalo a picture of strength personified. Their bodies are built symmetrically and harmoniously. Quietly and peacefully they like to feed just at the edge of a forest. But if frightened or angered, the ground trembles under their mighty hoofs, as they go galloping over the veldt. Then they are wont to line up on a broad front against the peace-breaker. In the middle is the biggest of the bulls, the leader whom the others follow. And woe to the man who stands in the way of such an attack ! If fortune is kind, the whole charge may swing in another direction, or be split into two groups, in case some animal is killed by a bullet. Otherwise the hunter is lost beyond hope of escape.

It was both difficult and full of risk to get them before the camera. Stalking them proved useless. We got better results by driving them towards the photographer, who sat doubled up in a tree a few yards above the ground, and was finally successful in getting part of the herd on the plate. The remainder of it had, ere this, already turned and charged the negroes, who speedily took refuge in the top of the first handy acacia tree, in order to escape certain massacre.



RADCLIFFE'S BUFFALO



PLATE XXXI



PLATE XXXII





# RADCLIFFE'S BUFFALO



PLATE XXXIII



PLATE XXXIV



RADCLIFFE'S BUFFALO

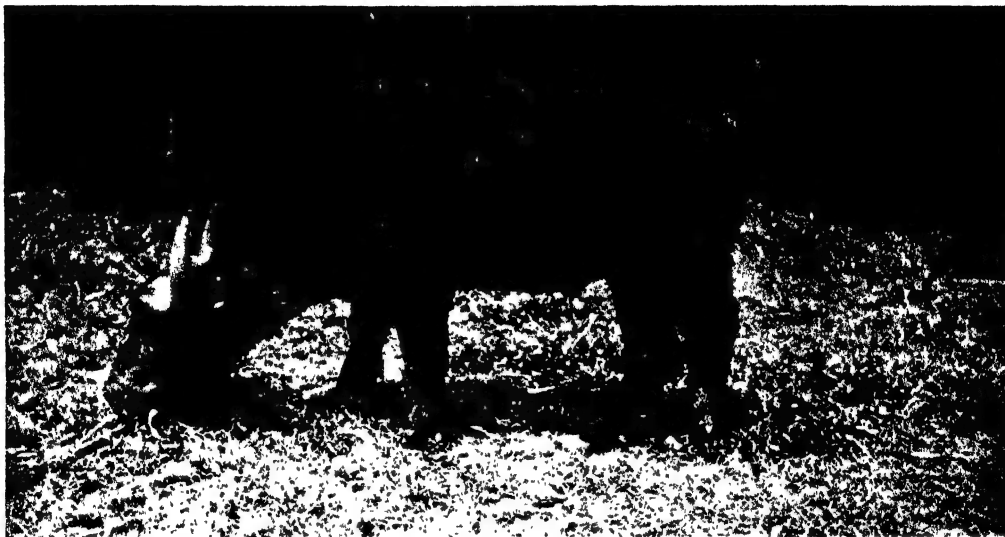


PLATE XXXV



PLATE XXXVI



ITURI BUFFALO  
(*Bubalus caffer adolfi-friederici*)

Ituri District, E. Belgian Congo

**T**HIS variety lives chiefly in the woods or just at the edge of the forest, where the undergrowth is thickest and the grass tall. Smaller than their East African relations, and redder in colour, they have a fiery disposition that as a rule shows itself in immediate charge, whether they are disturbed or not.

On this occasion we came upon them on a little hill amidst broad-leaved plants and waving grass, which hampered the photographer considerably. Contrary to their usual custom, they all trotted away without molesting us.



ITURI BUFFALO



PLATE XXXVII







## WHITE-BEARDED GNU OR WILDEBEEST

(*Connochætes taurinus albojubatus*)

Massai Steppe, Kenya Colony

THE Wildebeest doubtless, is one of the ugliest of African antelopes. It has a long, and, at the back, almost square head, with eyes surrounded by long white bristles. The widespread horns that rest on the edge of the frontal bone are twisted towards the sides, outwards, downwards and forwards, with the points turned upwards and backwards. Neck, back and throat are covered with a thick-set, outstanding mane. The tail is like that of a horse. The gnu is often said to resemble a horse with cleft hoofs and with the head of a bull.

At long range they look almost like small-sized buffaloes. The mane and widespread horns give them a hideous, almost terrifying appearance. Being playful and curious, they often come forward in long leaps, only to stop with necks outstretched, at a safe and proper distance, to stare at the two-legged intruders. When one of my countrymen for the first time caught sight of such a herd, he seized my arm in terror and exclaimed :—"For God's sake, they're going to charge. Let's get out!"

But such a thing would never occur to a wildebeest. On the contrary, they are an inoffensive race, never getting too close to anything. Peculiar to look at they undeniably are. The great herd, despite its curiosity, is very timid, and only on one solitary occasion did it come within range of the camera. That time scarcely ten yards were between us.



WHITE-BEARDED GNU OR WILDBEEST



PLATE XXXIX



PLATE XL



WHITE-BE ARDED GNU OR WILDEBEEST



PLATE XII



PLATE XI



## COKE'S HARTEBEEST

(*Bubalis cokei*)

Nairobi, Kenya Colony

**S**LOPING-BACKED, with hanging head and bent horns, the Hartebest mounts guard on top of an ant-hill. He looks irritatingly stupid, outlined against the sky, but he has his mission to fulfil. In fact he acts as lookout and guard for all the wild beasts in the vicinity, whether of his own kind or not. His wonderful vigilance fits him especially for this occupation. When he sets off at a gallop, all other animals follow as a matter of course, one herd after another becoming involved, until the whole steppe is seized with panic. Then the dust rises in clouds and the earth trembles beneath the rapid flight of hoofs. Only after many a mile does the wild chase slow down. Thousands of antelopes have been running for their lives, without an inkling of the cause. It was enough that that imbecile hartebest on top of the white ant-hill sounded the alarm. Who dare stay when such as he scents danger and makes off?

Hence it is almost impossible to get very close to them. Only the poor plate was the result of many other fruitless efforts.









TOPI  
(*Damaliscus korrigum jimela*)  
Massai Steppe

AND  
UGANDA TOPI  
(*Damaliscus korrigum ugandæ*)  
Rutshuru Plains, E. Belgian Congo

**T**HE common Topi plays, though in lesser degree, about the same rôle on the steppes, as the hartebeest.

The Uganda topi, on the other hand, behaves more like the ordinary antelopes. In certain parts of Belgian Congo, where this animal is particularly numerous, it is not uncommon to see herds of as many as a thousand of these animals. Curious and astonished, they stare at the intruder. In order to see the better, they will often come close up—shiny-brown, stupid, sloping-backed. Then all of a sudden they catch the unaccustomed scent of the two-legged human animal and quick as lightning the whole herd turns and makes off. It looks like as many horses in a race, where the young ones have all they can do to keep up.

The pictures are taken from a reed-hut by a water-hole.



TOPI



PLATE XLIV







PLATE XVI



PLATE XVII





UGANDA TOPI AND UGANDA KOB

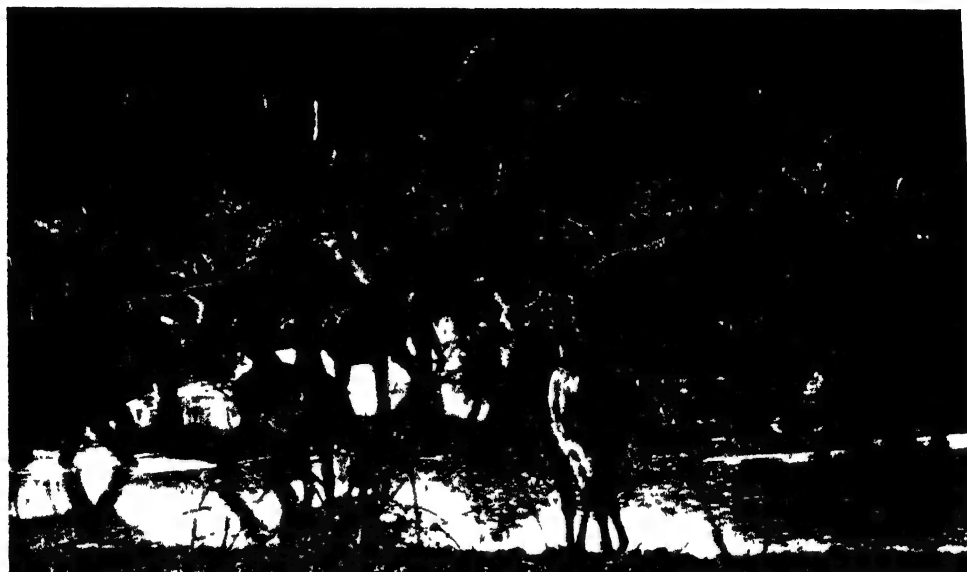


PLATE XVIII

UGANDA TOPI



PLATE XIX



SUNI ANTELOPE  
(*Nesotragus moschatus*)

East Africa

THE little graceful Suni Antelope, in colloquial speech sometimes called the Dik-Dik, lives by preference in the woods or on ground where low, but dense bushes, offer good hiding-places. Scarcely bigger than a new-born roedeer's fawn, it is very rarely met with in the open.

We found it impossible to get a film of this animal. A bit of good luck enabled us to catch the little antelope on a plate one evening just as it was about to go out to graze on a peaceful glade in the woods.



SUNI ANTELOPE



PLATE I



## WATERBUCK

(*Kobus defassa*)

### Southern Guaso Nyiro

**L**OFTY of stature, well set-up and with a bearing suggestive of the proudest stag, the Waterbuck lives for the most part along the edge of a water-course. The dark, ragged fur, and massive horns, long like a couple of giant antennæ, impart to this animal an imposing appearance. I know few ungulates that give such a poised and finished impression.

The species, however, is both timid and vigilant. It prefers the dense undergrowth, and comes out chiefly at the oncoming of dark into the open to graze.





# WATERBUCK



PLATE II





UGANDA KOB  
(*Adenota kob thomasi*)

Rutshuru Plains, E. Belgian Congo

THE Ruindi Steppes south of Lake Edward are undoubtedly one of the places where Africa's wild-animal life is richest. The comparatively rare Uganda Kob, that slim, graceful antelope with the lyre-like horns, is found in this tract in great herds. Scarcely a step can one take without seeing a new head pop up. Now they graze peacefully on the plains, now a pugnacious buck starts a fight, so that the crash of horns may be heard far away, now they seek their way down to the rarely-met-with water-holes to drink.

Yet it took us more than three weeks to get a specimen of this animal on the plate. No matter with what cunning the hut was camouflaged; no matter how well it blended in with the surroundings, as far as human eyes could judge, the timid Kobs always noticed that something unusual was up and avoided their customary water-hole. It was only when we had discovered a little pool, containing scarcely more than slime and mud, but which nevertheless happened to be the only one for many miles about, that the creatures at long last could be induced to come forward and expose their graceful bodies before the camera. Then it was a moment's work to immortalize them.



## TOPI AND UGANDA KOB





# UGANDA KOB







UGANDA KOB AND CENTRAL AFRICAN WART-HOG





IMPALA ANTELOPE  
(*Aepyceros melampus suara*)

Massai Steppe

**H**ERE we have the customary staging for photography : the camera in its hut, close by a brackish water-course. Such places are very popular with wild animals, for salt is useful in helping digestion. The Impala especially thrives in such places. They come in great herds, the bucks by themselves, the does by themselves. Very seldom does one see an old gentleman seek the company of a lady—except of course in the rutting season. But then rows between the rival bucks become the order of the day. For a wooing time is filled with surprises and stumbling-blocks.

Lithe and slender, the Impala likes to feed in little open places in the brush. If frightened, off he goes with a high spring in the air, vaulting over his neighbour a couple of times, if need be—either out of sheer terror, or else that he may see the better and so satisfy his native curiosity. At such times there are few animals that can match him in elegance. Never an unpoised movement, never a clumsy step. It is a pleasure only to watch the herd dash over the grass as if their legs were made of resilient steel blades.

But one never gets very close to them,—twenty-five yards was the nearest.



IMPATI E ANTHLOPI





IMPALA ANTIFLOPE



PLATE XVIII



PLATE XIX





IMPALA ANTELOPE



PLATE IX



## GRANT'S GAZELLE

(*Gazella granti*)

Northern Guaso Nyiro

GRANT'S Gazelle is considered the most graceful of all African animals. The lithe, well-proportioned body, with its white markings on the hind-quarters, the delicate powerful legs, the daintily bent, shining black horns, the upstanding ears and the gentle, brown, intelligent eyes—all contribute to make this animal a delight to the eye.

They like best to stay in some dry river-bed. In order to get at moisture in the ground they used to dig little holes with their sharp fore-hoofs and thrust down their muzzles to lick up the few drops of water that might ooze out. For the country otherwise was burned brown and dry.

They are not fond of mingling with other animals, keeping mainly by themselves. But among themselves they quarrelled often enough, and the old bucks drove the young ones away without mercy if they got too malapert or were otherwise in the way.

Less shy than others of their family, they gave us a comparatively easy task.



GRANT'S GAZELLE



PLATE LXI





GRANT'S GAZELLE



PLATE LXIII







GRANT'S GAZELLE



PLATE LXV



PLATE LXVI



GRANT'S GAZELLE

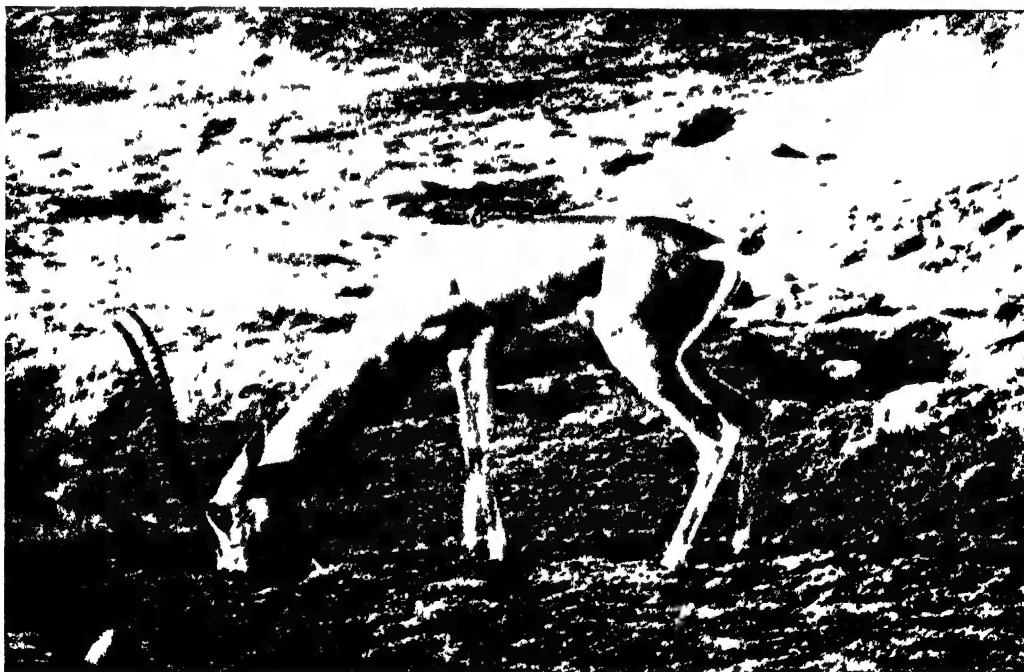






PLATE LXIX



PLATE LXX



GRANT'S GAZELLE AND ORYX ANTELOPE



PLATE LXXI

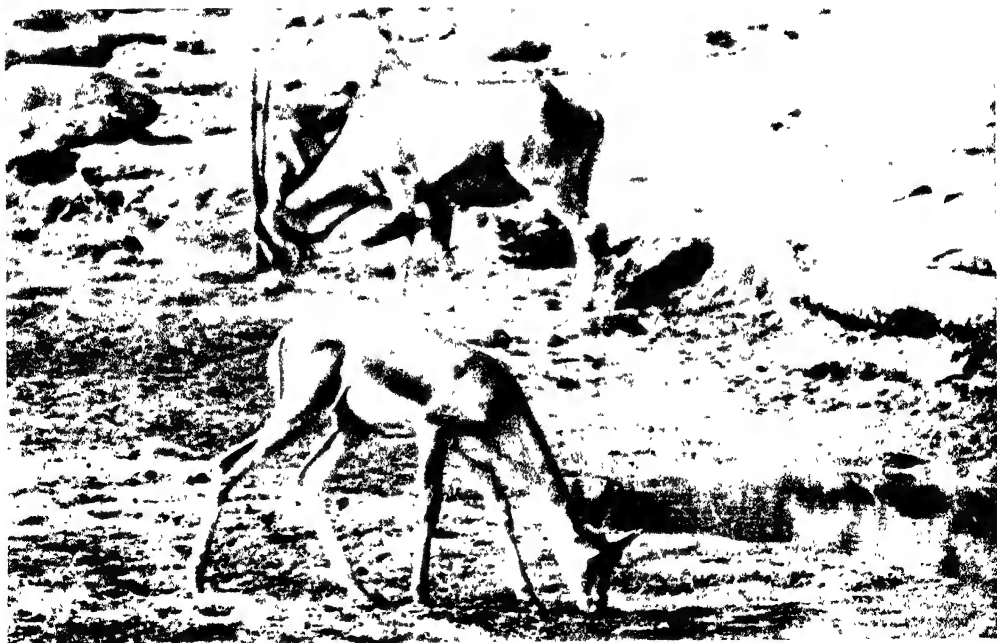


PLATE LXXII





ORYX ANTELOPE  
(*Oryx beisa annectens*)  
Northern Guaso Nyiro

THE Oryx gets on well with zebras, and they used to come in big herds to the dried-up river-beds to drink. The long, frail, backward-bent horns, often were outlined against the sky for all the world like two enormous tentacles. When seen in profile, these horns cover each other perfectly, so that the creature seems to have but one horn. Hence arose the scarcely tenable theory that the oryx had been the origin of the unicorn of mythology.

As with Grant's gazelles, we found these antelopes relatively easy to catch on the plate, and often they came so close that there was not even room for them on the viewfinder.

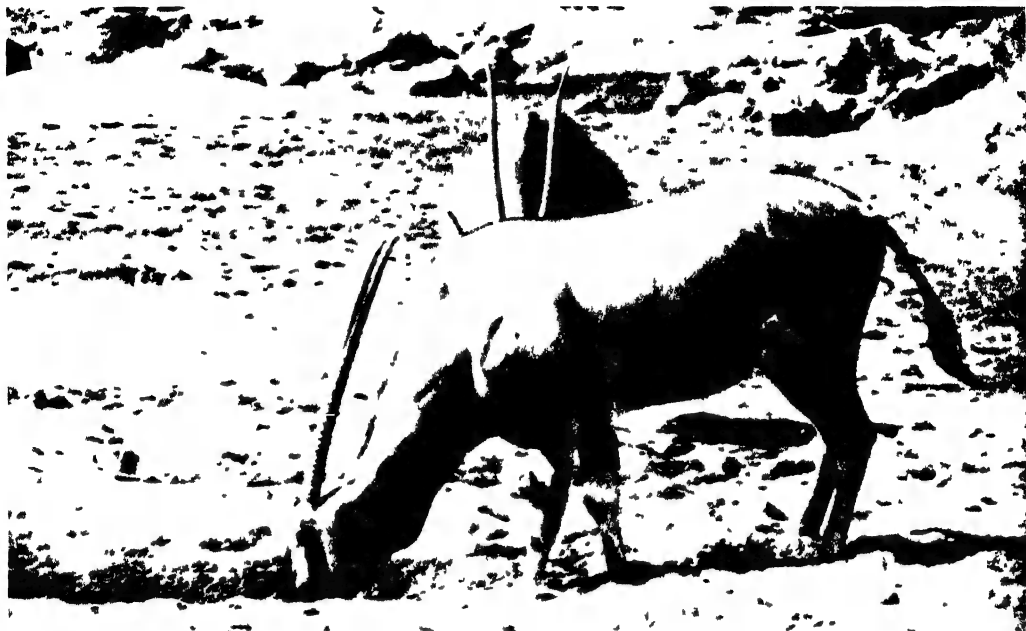


ORYX ANTILOPIS





ORYX ANTILOPIS





ORYX ANTILOPI



PLATE LXXVII



PLATE LXXVIII





ORYX ANTHIOTI

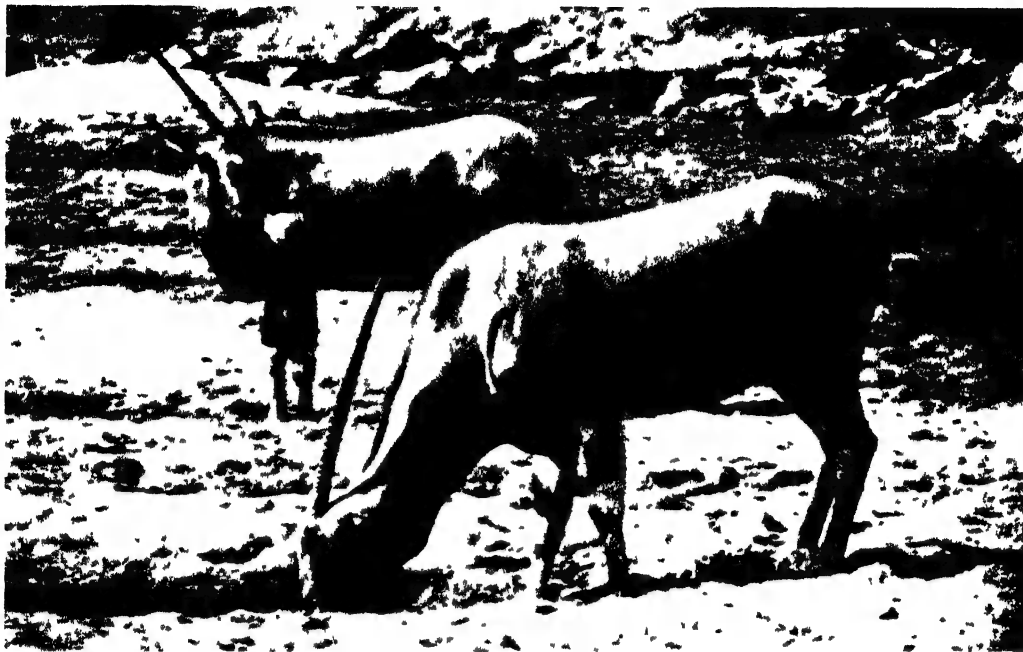


PLATE XXXIX





ORYX ANTILope



PLATE LXXXI

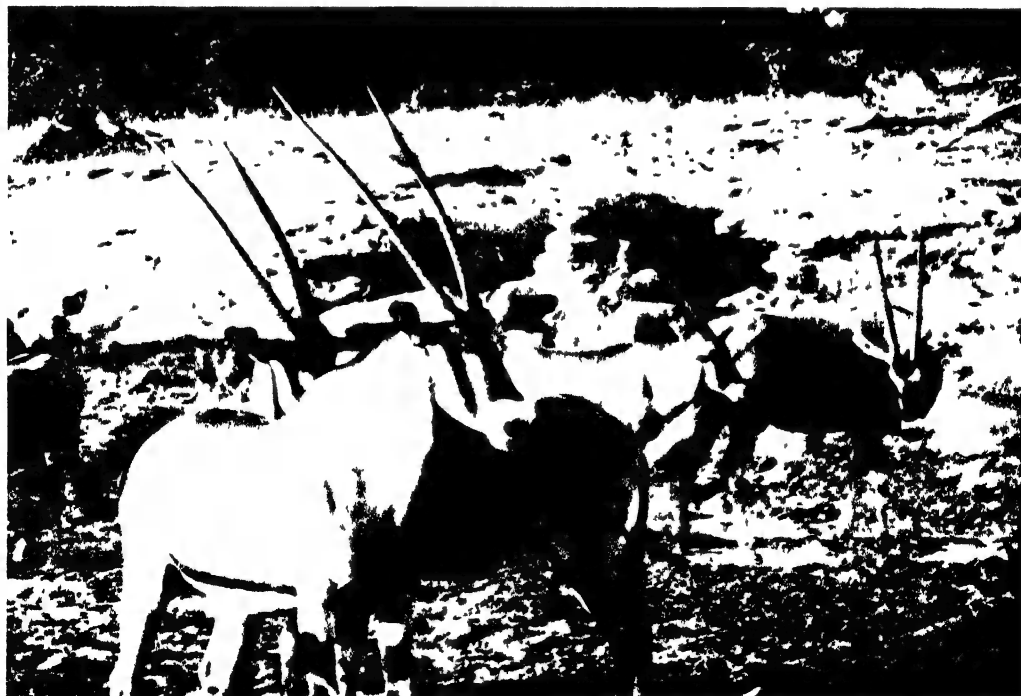


PLATE LXXXII



ROAN ANTELOPE  
(*Hippotragus equinus langheldi*)

Massai Steppe, near Mara River

THE Roan is not only one of the shyest of African animals but also, in certain tracts, one of the antelopes most rarely met with. It lives in East Africa usually on mountain slopes, among bushes and thickets. Very seldom does it venture out into the open. Its colour is an indeterminate blending of brown, yellow and grey, the body thick-set and powerfully built.

We were never successful in filming this animal, since their drinking-places constantly were changed. One could never tell at what point they would come out of the bush on the river bank. Neither could we stalk them. Long before we got within camera-range they would discover us and take themselves off.

By a piece of good luck, however, the photographer one morning on his way to work was delayed, and quite unexpectedly caught sight of these timid creatures just as he was about to snap a bit of the landscape. By standing perfectly still and waiting, he succeeded after long patience in getting the accompanying picture.



ROAN ANTILOPE







ROAN ANTELOPE



PLATE LXXXV



## BUSHBUCK

(*Tragelaphus scriptus haywoodi*)

Athi Plains, Kenya Colony

**W**HEN twilight falls and the sun has disappeared behind the thorny acacias, the Bushbuck steals cautiously out of his cranny among bushes and protecting thickets. He looks about him warily, takes a few steps, stops again to listen and then swiftly runs farther out where the pasturage looks green and succulent. Only when he feels sure that everything is quiet and safe does he slacken speed and begin to graze. The spiral-shaped, twisted horns shine among the blades of grass, and the peculiar marking of the body conveys, in the dim light, the impression of an animal running in harness. Presently he can be seen only as a grey shadow, as the short twilight rapidly changes into night. And before dawn once more reddens the horizon he is back again in safety amidst the protecting bush.

For this reason the bushbuck is difficult to photograph. Just once, during the whole of our African trip, was it light enough to really catch him on the plate. And this too was by sheer good luck.



BUSHBUCK



PLATE LXXXVI



PLATE LXXXVII



BUSHBUCK



PLATE LXXXVIII





ELAND ANTELOPE  
(*Taurotragus oryx pattersonianus*)

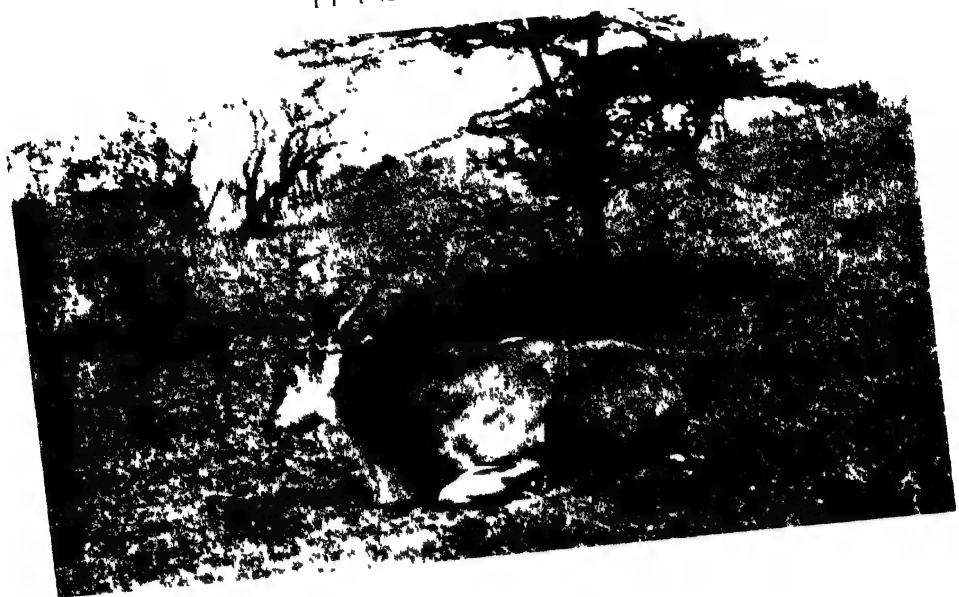
Uganda

THE common Eland and the Giant-Eland are Africa's biggest antelopes. With his powerful frame, he resembles, more than anything else, the common type of domestic cattle.

Because of his timidity, all our attempts to photograph him were fruitless. But in one of the little villages we found a partly tame Eland that went his own way in the day-time, but towards evening used to come to the huts. Lacking any other specimen and in order to make our collection as complete as possible, we had to be content with him.



# HAND ANTHOPI





# ELAND ANTELOPE



PLATE XCI



PLATE XCII



## NETTED GIRAFFE

(*Giraffa reticulata*)

Northern Guaso Nyiro

ONE would think an animal as big as the Giraffe would be easy to descry a long distance away. This, however, is not the case. He dwells among the bush and acacias, where his big body, because of its sharply marked spots, merges remarkably well with lights and shadows. If, therefore, one is searching the giraffe in such country, it is wisest to scrutinize carefully the tops of the trees. There, if luck holds good, one may see the wise-looking face with its two short horns sticking up among the branches. But in nine cases out of ten he has already, from his commanding point of view, taken account of the man and betaken himself off to a more secure part of the country even before one had any suspicion of his presence.

Here is the ordinary setting—the reed-hut and the water-hole. We are lying to film zebras, which are very numerous in the neighbourhood. Then unexpectedly the giraffe's small head pops up above the tree-tops. In measured, lumbering, swinging gait he approaches. The sun touches his body, conveying the impression of a checkered rug. The whole enormous animal carries the mind back to a dim antiquity, when the earth was overrun with all sorts of monsters. It is difficult to believe that he really belongs to our time—so antediluvian does this apparition seem. A sublime calm and an aristocratic aloofness rests upon the brute, as though it would say : "Touch



me not ! for I am one of the few remaining representatives of the long-since extinct animal world."

Now he stops at a respectful distance from the water-hole. He looks about him, swaying his long neck to and fro. The hut evidently does not inspire confidence. Instead of going on down to the water-hole, he trots around us in a wide circle, stopping here and there to consider the suspicious place from different positions, but does not venture to approach the enticing water. So he kept on the whole day, and when twilight fell we had not so much as a single foot of film of him.

But the following morning he came again. After having examined the place for a couple of hours more in the same thoroughgoing way, he finally came to a real decision and stalked right into the midst of the drinking zebras, who unwillingly made way for him at the cramped water-hole. Having arrived, he took his time about quenching his thirst, and was not at all disturbed by the click of our apparatus. Evidently his previous cautious reconnaissance had entirely convinced him of the harmlessness of the hut.

He stayed there a good hour and came so close to us that the plate could not by any means accommodate his huge body. Without the slightest haste or uneasiness he loitered away at last, with his queer swinging gait, and disappeared.

But the camera had worked diligently all the time.

## NETTED GIRAFFE





## NETTED GIRAFFE





## NITTED GIRAFFE



PLATE XVIII



## NETTED GIRAFFE







## NETTED GIRAFFE



PIATEL C1



NETTED GIRAFFE AND GREVY'S ZEBRA



PLATE CII



PLATE CIII



## EAST AFRICAN AND CENTRAL AFRICAN WART-HOG

(*Phacochærus delamerei*. *Phacochærus africanus centralis*)

Northern Guaso Nyiro and Rutshuru Plains, E. Belgian  
Congo

**S**TUPID, ugly and wary, the Wart-hog is often a veritable plague to the photographer. When the latter sees them coming over the plains towards the water-hole, all in single file and with tails sticking straight up in the air, he may be sure there will be uneasiness among the other wild beasts. When they arrive they never stop more than an instant in the same spot. They grunt and shift position unceasingly, never seem content with their surroundings and wallow close together—often in the cool mud. Then all the little ox-peckers that inhabit their backs and find there in abundance their daily bread must quit their dining-rooms to sit crossly on the ground alongside and wait until the brutes have had their fill of mud. But as soon as the bird stirs all the game in the neighbourhood look up, become uneasy and scent danger. For it is the ox-peckers' mission not only to pick the hide clean of insects. They also keep watch and give warning—perhaps to show their appreciation—by flying up and letting out a short, chuckling twitter, when something suspicious is in sight. And the beasts rely as a rule more on the watchfulness of this little scavenger than on their own instinct.

The wart-hog is like the clown in the circus. He is always in the way and stirs up mischief where one least expects it.



EAST AFRICAN WART-HOG



PLATE CIV



PLATE CV





EAST AFRICAN WART-HOG



PLATE CVI



PLATE CVII



CENTRAL AFRICAN WART-HOG



PLATE CVIII



PLATE CIX



CENTRAL AFRICAN WART-HOG



PLATE CX



## HIPPOPOTAMUS

(*Hippopotamus amphibius*)

Rutshuru River, E. Belgian Congo

**I**T is no manner of use to lie in wait for the Hippo. He is far too wary and alert, and simply does not come up out of the protecting water if he has the slightest suspicion of danger. Only after having made a thorough-going study of his daily habits, where he likes to sleep and where to come on land, may one, with any prospect of success, begin the camera-hunt. Then one must creep inch by inch nearer and nearer the hippo-pool without arousing the misgivings of its inhabitants. It is better to start by taking a few yards of film at long range and then to move oneself and the camera gradually closer to the object, for every stopping-place making a new exposure. For one never knows at what moment one's presence will be discovered and the entire herd take itself off. This may happen at a couple of hundred yards, but there is an equal chance, if one takes proper caution, of getting within fifty yards. This was the minimum that we succeeded in approaching a hippo on land.

The hippo, as is well known, feeds on land only at night—often as far as ten miles from the water-course—but in the day-time he sleeps for the most part in a river or lake. And there they lead a sluggish existence, divided between slumber, yawning and clumsy play.

At such a hippo-pool there is puffing, grunting and snorting without parallel. Everywhere ungainly heads stick up out of the water with their pointed ears, their little pig-



like eyes squinting funnily up at the sun, and their pink nostrils, through which it looks as if water were constantly running. Or the brutes may have scrambled up onto some sandbank, where they drowsily bask in the sun and let the little nimble ox-pecker pick insects from their backs. In a compact cluster they stand, one body against the other, scratching their sides against each other, or resting their heavy heads on the withers of the comrade next alongside. Now and again one of the old bulls will open his huge jaw in a record yawn. He gapes and gapes until his jawbones stand at an obtuse angle and one thinks they long since would be out of joint. In the wide-spread cavern thus made, one can see the tongue, heavy and red, between tusks that resemble white stalactites growing out from the sides. Then he grunts several times in satisfaction at the happy-go-luckiness of existence, shuts the jaw with a decisive bang and continues his interrupted slumber on the bank, unless desire for a bath suddenly takes possession of him, in which case he will instead indolently tumble himself into the tepid water, where presently only eyes and ears stick out. Then he will playfully spout a fine jet of water high into the air and afterwards vanish completely. Only a few widening rings of water mark the place at which the giant head just now stuck out.

## HIPPOPOTAMUS







PLATE CXIII



PLATE CXIV



# HIPPOPOTAMUS



PLATE CXX



PLATE CXXI



# HIPPOPOTAMUS



PLATE CXVII



PLATE CXVIII





## HIPPOPOTAMUS



PLATE CNIN



PLATE CXX



## RHINOCEROS

(*Diceros bicornis*)

Tana River, Kenya Colony

**A**LL day we had been following the spoor and already it was drawing towards evening. But not one glimpse had we had of the great pachyderms. Then we came on them suddenly in medium tall grass, where evidently they had been sleeping during the most severe heat of noon. As the wind was unfavourable, we had to make a wide tack to get to leeward.

Slowly and cautiously we crept closer and soon discovered that they were a cow and a calf, that had just got to their feet and were now staring in our direction. But the eyesight of the Rhinoceros, as is well known, is very poor, and we creep on through the grass with our two cameras. After a little we peep over the grass and find the position favourable. The two animals have not moved. The tripod is set up and the film runs out foot after foot, reproducing the two monsters. We are scarcely fifty yards away. And yet they stand still.

Then we take down the camera again, creep farther in and soon have not more than about twenty yards between us. For the second time the tripod is set up and again the film winds past the lens.

But by this time the old cow is beginning to think our behaviour in some way an aspersion on her honour. With a humorous grunting she starts straight at us with head down and tail in the air. The quickness of these clumsy

beasts is amazing, and it seemed as though a small locomotive on a narrow-gauge track had suddenly charged us.

There was nothing to do but shoot. The cow fell and the calf stood astonished, wondering why the mother did not get up again.

Then we went forward to take some pictures of the calf from a still nearer position. For we assumed that it would be slow to quit the place after the mother fell.

Just as we got the camera arranged, however, the wounded rhinoceros came to. We were looking in another direction, and before we were aware of it the cow came rushing at us for the second time. Scarcely five yards separated us. In a flash rifle and shoulder came together. There was no time to aim. The shot was almost entirely a random one. The beast was then so close that, when it fell, knocked over by a lucky hit in the head, its horn was already under one of the legs of the tripod, which of course overturned. The rhinoceros rolled over, dragging with it the other camera also, which, however, was not injured in the slightest degree, but fell between the cow's two fore-legs.

But the calf, which evidently considered this hullabaloo too much for its nerves, had in the interval decamped, preferring to put itself in safety.

The pictures given herewith are those salvaged from the broken camera, where the film fortunately sustained no injury worth mentioning.

## RHINOCEROS



PLATE CXXI



PLATE CXXII



# RHINOCEROS



PLATE CXXIII



PLATE CXXIV





## RHINOCEROS



PLATE CXXVII



GRANT'S AND GREVY'S ZEBRA  
(*Equus burchelli granti*, and *Equus grevyi*)

Massai Steppe and Northern Guaso Nyiro

**B**OTH these species meet at Guaso Nyiro. One seldom comes across one of Grevy's Zebras south of this river, and one of Grant's is rarely seen north of it. Neither do they herd together. Excepting for certain scientific deviations, the difference in striping is at once obvious: Grevy's narrow and fine, Grant's thicker and coarser. The former also has broader, bigger ears, with long fringes of hair.

In some tracts it was very hard to take a snapshot of an animal without at the same time catching a couple of zebras on the plate. They are, in fact, very common and willingly associate both with antelopes and larger animals. Their shyness is not great.

Sometimes they would stand in a long row to drink. Then they looked almost like spry little ponies, let out of stable for summer pasturage. One almost expected to see a groom come to drive them in again when it grew dark. Or perhaps to pick out a span to harness for an after-dinner drive.

The ox-peckers were their faithful companions and fellow-travellers. They hung on everywhere: on the back, belly, legs, and very unwillingly did they quit their fat eating places. For zebras are known to carry with them a whole army of dainty little creeping things. Some of our photographs plainly show the birds, as they sit feasting in all tranquillity.



GRANT'S ZEBRA



PLATE CXXXIII



PLATE CXXXIV



GRANT'S ZEBRA



FLAVIO CANNI







GRANT'S ZEBRA



PLATE CXXXII



PLATE CXXXIII



GRANT'S ZEBRA



PLATE CXXXIV



PLATE CXXXV



GREVY'S ZEBRA



PLATE CXXXVI



PLATE CXXXVII



GREVY'S ZEBRA



PLATE CXXXVIII



PLATE CXXXIX





GREVY'S ZEBRA

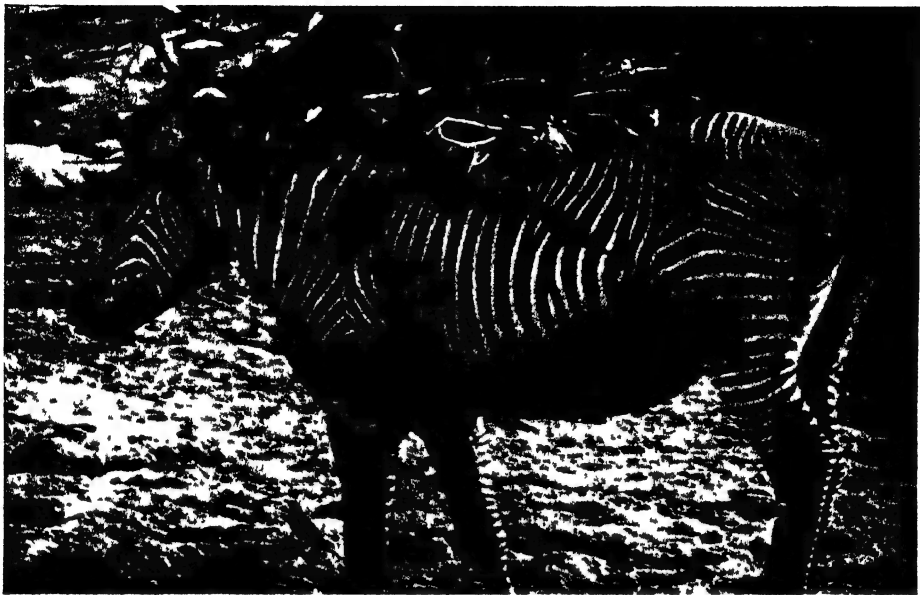


PLATE CXLII



PLATE CXLIII



GREVY'S ZEBRA



PLATE CXIV



PLATE CXV



GREVY'S ZEBRA



PLATE CXLVI



PLATE CXLVII



GREVY'S ZEBRA



PLATE CXLVIII



PLATE CXLIX





## TAWNY EAGLE

(*Aquila rapax*)

Massai Steppe

**R**IGHT in the midst of the flock of banqueting vultures and kites there sat, one day, a specimen of the beautiful Tawny Eagle. He had divided the loot with the other carrion birds, and presently there would be no more than a few clean-picked bones left of a shot zebra. For some reason or other he grew sick. Perhaps he had partaken too much of that dainty meal—such things may happen with us humans too. He tried to rise and fly away. When the wide-awake kites observed what was up, they decided to eke out their bill of fare with a little eagle-flesh, and at once attacked him without mercy.

At that the photographer ran out to catch, or at least to save, him from such ignominious death. Gathering his last strength, the bird, however, succeeded in getting enough air under his wings to lift himself up to the nearest bough. Here he remained an easy prey to the camera, until his temporary indisposition was overcome, and he rose majestically to higher spheres.



## FAWNY EAGLE





## VULTURES

Sociable Vulture (*Torgos tracheliotus*), White-headed Vulture (*Trigonoceps occipitalis*), African White-backed Vulture (*Pseudogyps africanus*) and Hooded Vulture (*Necrosyrtes monachus*)

All from the Massai Steppe

**V**ULTURES are the picked troops in the steppes' scavenging work. One hardly ever sees them except when some animal has died. But then they come in great flocks, attracted thither by their phenomenally sharp sense of sight, unerringly drawing them to that place, where is to be found something suitable for food. High up in the air one sees them like little dots, approaching from all directions. They increase rapidly, take wide circles around the carcass and finally sail majestically down to earth, where the banquet is quickly in full swing. But very often it is far from peaceful at these meals. Each one tries to grab the best bits for himself, and of course they soon get to fighting. And it is not only their own kind that they have to keep at bay. There are the long-legged marabous and the swift kites—all putting in a claim for their share. There is great commotion in the bird flock, so that dust rises high. The whole thing appears one parti-coloured jumble of flapping wings, naked necks and sharp-edged bills, that tear and claw at the rags of flesh. One can scarcely see the carcass itself for the feathers and claws. But the meal, nevertheless, is carried on briskly. A whole zebra, for example, is made away with in the space of half an hour. Then there remain some well-scraped, entirely

flesh-free bones to whiten in the sun, while the trees round-about are filled with satiated birds, preening out their feathers to await the next meal.'

Here and there on the ground around the hut we used to drive in tent-pegs and to these fasten pieces of meat. Thus we got the flock to divide itself. Otherwise the whole would have been nothing but one big jumble. Each day the bait was moved closer, so that at long last the birds came right up to our feet. Four different species are represented in the pictures. But more still await the photographer.

SOCIABLE VULTURE



PLATE CLII







HOODED AND WHITE-HEADED VULTURE



PLATE CIV



AFRICAN WHITE-BACKED VULTURE



PLATE CIX



PLATE CXI



AFRICAN WHITE-BACKED VULTURE

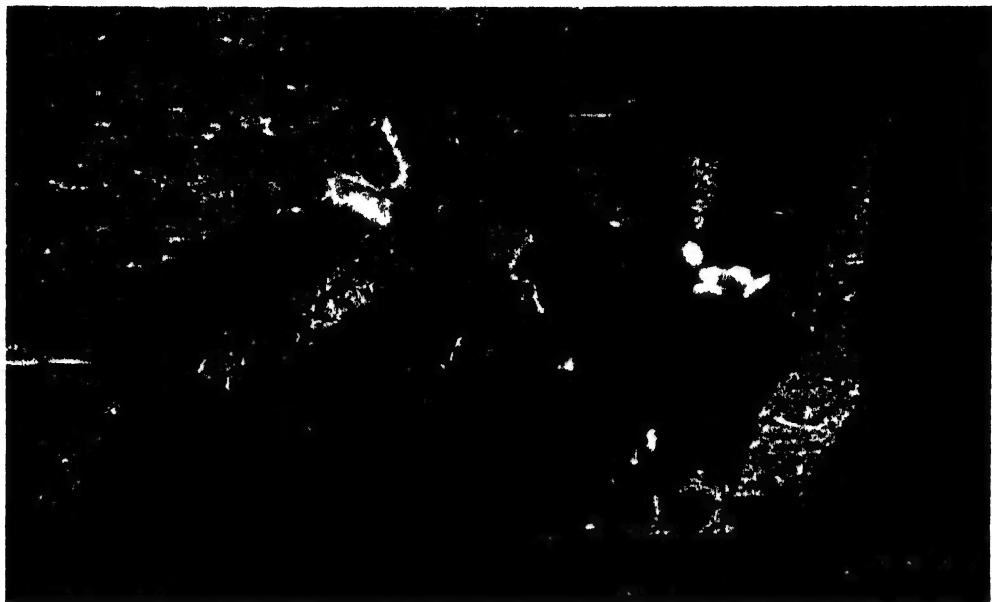


PLATE CLVII



PLATE CLVIII



## VULTURES

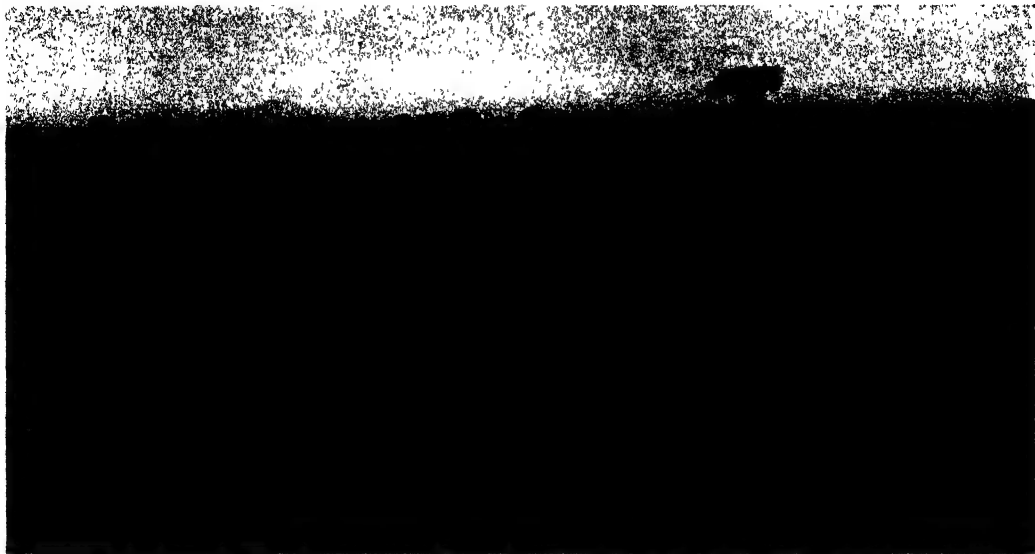


PLATE CLIX



PLATE CLX





## VULTURES



PLATE CLXI



HOODED VULTURE

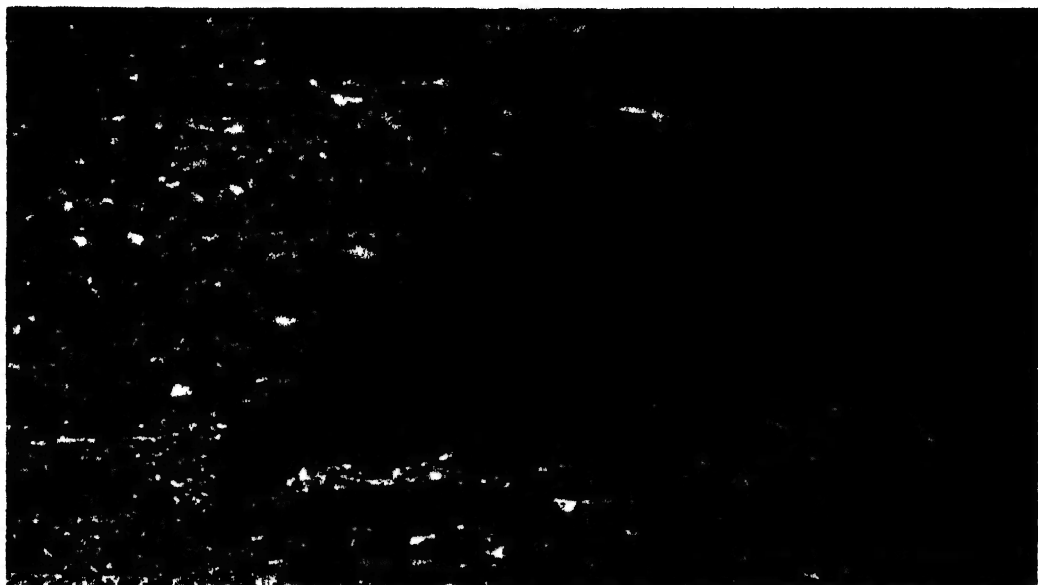


PLATE CLXII

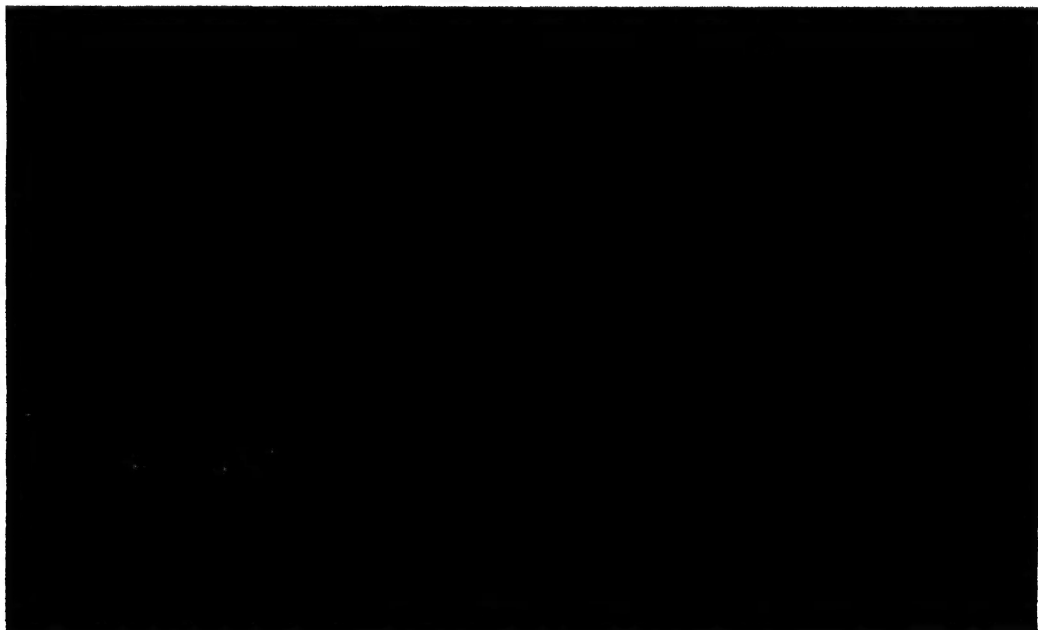


PLATE CLXIII



MARABOU STORK  
(*Leptoptilus cruminiferus*)

Massai Steppe

**L**ONG-LEGGED, solemn and with a seriousness that never gives way, the Marabou walks round among the vultures. Despite the fact that he really is a stork and should keep to some sandbank along the river, he nevertheless does not disdain to share the spoils with genuine carrion birds. His breast shines white. With his black back and long tail, beneath which the fine plumes may be seen like a bouquet of grass glistening with hoar frost—plumes, for the sake of which unscrupulous men kill him in order to gratify the vanity of women—he resembles more than anything else an old learned professor, in frock-coat and white cravat, pondering over his next lecture at the university. Only the spectacles are wanting to complete the picture.



VARABOU STORK







MARABOU STORK



PLATE CLXVI



PLATE CLXVII



MARABOU STORK



PLATE CLXVIII



PLATE CLXIX



ABDIM'S STORK  
(*Sphenorhynchus abdimii*)

Southern Soudan

**A**BDIM'S STORK is a relatively civilized bird. Compared to others of his species he appears untidy, insignificant and awkward. The solemn gravity and self-conscious bearing are almost entirely lacking.

The pictures were taken in the vicinity of a village near the White Nile.



ABDIM'S STORK



PLATE CLXX



PLATE CLXXI





## BLACK-CROWNED HERON

(*Ardea melanocephala*)

Lake Mutanda (British Ruanda) and Southern Sudan.

**T**HIS Heron is one of the most beautiful of African birds. Its colour is a greyish-blue, excepting the neck and the head, which are marked with black and white. From the back of the head a tuft of feathers sticks straight out like a fine brush. The great bird comes sailing on outspread wings and likes to alight on the extreme top of the euphorbias, where the dry leaves look like the scalps of fallen warriors. For an instant it balances itself, but after this, stands calmly and securely on the swaying support—a master in the art of poise.

In some of the photographs the hen is seen on the nest, protecting underneath outspread wings her young from the rays of the sun. On this occasion it was so hot that she panted with open bill from her exertions.



BLACK-CROWNED HERON



PLATE CLXXII



PLATE CLXXIII



BLACK-CROWNED HERON



PLATE CLXXIV



BLACK-CROWNED HERON



PLATE CLXXV



PLATE CLXXVI





BLACK-CROWNED HERON



PLATE CLXXVII



PLATE CLXXVIII



## CATTLE EGRET

(*Bubulcus ibis*)

Lake Victoria

**T**HE Egrets accompany both domestic and wild cattle. Sometimes they sit on the backs of the animals, but as often as not they run alongside on the ground trying to find something eatable, torn up by the bigger creatures, as they graze. They have a special liking for buffalo and give warning of danger and ambush like the ox-pecker.

Nevertheless they like the lake-shores best, where their snow-white bodies look like huge lilies in among the green rushes.



CATTLE EGRI



PLATE CXXX



PLATE CXXX



## EAST AFRICAN CORMORANT

(*Phalacrocorax lugubris*)

AND

## EAST AFRICAN PIGMY CORMORANT

(*Phalacrocorax africanus*)

Lake Mutanda, British Ruanda

**C**ORMORANTS prefer the lake shores. There they are wont to sit in big flocks, on boughs overhanging the water. They twist and turn their long, flexible necks, that look almost like wriggling snakes.

The pictures are taken on a small island, fairly swarming with the birds. It was everywhere white from their droppings—looking as if it had snowed the day before.





EAST AFRICAN CORMORANT



PLATE CLXXXI



PLATE CLXXXII



EAST AFRICAN PIGMY CORMORANT



PLATE CLXXXIII



## EAST AFRICAN CROWNED CRANE

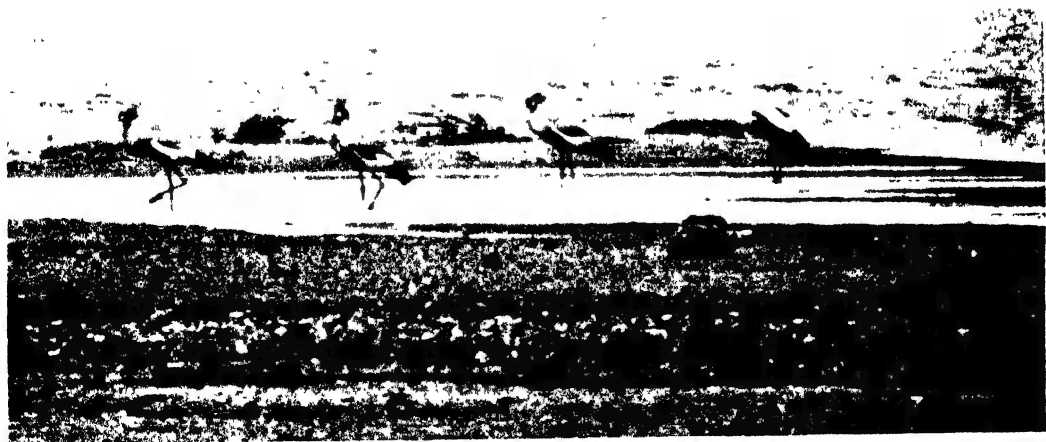
(*Balearica regulorum gibbericeps*)

Lake Victoria

**S**PLENDID, self-conscious, majestic, the Cranes are accustomed to walk along the shores of Lake Victoria. With a little patience it was possible to get close enough for the camera to catch them before they rose.



EAST AFRICAN CROWNED CRANE







## SCISSOR-BILL OR SKIMMER

(*Rhynchops flavirostris*)

Lake Albert Edward

**T**HIS picture was taken on Lake Albert Edward, where these birds are found in great numbers, more especially on the sand-banks along the sides of the Rutshuru River. When such a flock rose it looked like a swarm of enormous grasshoppers swooping over the water, so numerous were they.



SCISSOR-BILL OR SKIMMER

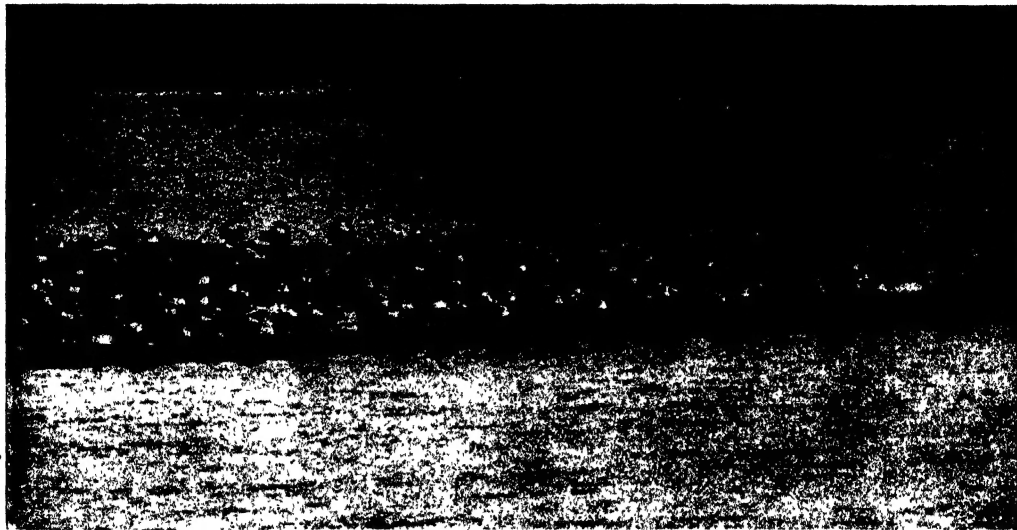


PLATE CLXXXVI



PLATE CLXXXVII





PLATE CCX



PLATE CCXI